



# Melinda Maxwell

A SCOTTISH STORY

—BY—

JOHN L. MacDOUGALL.

PRICE - - 25 CENTS.





*Hand of Convent School de  
Mrs Doody (Kane Bay)*  
**MELINDA MAXWELL**

*Pnt Hawkesbury - Oct 10 1910  
R S*

**An Interesting Story of Scotland  
in the Olden Days**

—BY—

**JOHN L. MacDOUGALL,**

**Barrister at-Law, Etc.,**

**STRATHLORNE, CAPE BRETON.**

Printed and Published by  
**THE INVERNESS NEWS COMPANY, Limited,**  
**Inverness, Cape Breton.**  
1910.



### **PUBLISHERS NOTE.**

---

To this excellent story by Mr. MacDougall is added a brochure on Cape Breton, written by the same gentlemen and published some two years ago. This brochure was received with great favour, and there have been many calls for it since the published edition ran out. The matter has been revised up-to-date by the writer.

THE PUBLISHERS.

## MELINDA MAXWELL.

---

From 1725 to 1800 there was not, in all the Highlands of Scotland, a more familiar name than that of Alexander Douglas Maxwell. With despairing bravery he fought on the losing side at Culloden, and was a hounded witness to the atrocious cruelties which followed that unhallowed combat. Time and time again was he made the special object of a heartless hunt at the hands of the King's loyal and loveless troops. But the caves, and crags, and glens, and mountain fastnesses, were all blood-stained friends of Sandy's, and could not fail him in a pinch.

It was this vindictive violence of the English soldiers stationed in Scotland, after their battles were won, that goaded the men of the mountains to nearly all the lawlessness which history attributes to them. These men were not intrinsically bad—they were made desperate. They have since, themselves, supplied the proof, in all quarters of the globe, that their heads and hearts, as well as their hands, were sound, safe and capable.

There are two conditions of life which call out the worst passions of men. They are enforced poverty and peril. These were precisely the conditions which produced the caterans of Lochloy, of which Alexander Maxwell was one, from sheer necessity. Driven to their hidden haunts by the dread persecution of the

invaders, these so-called bandits could not even try to support life, except by a stealthy descent on the sheep and cattle of the Sassenach. When I speak of invaders I refer particularly to the then English garrisons in Scotland. I have nothing but commendation for the state-policy which sought to unite and assimilate those two maritime kingdoms. That policy has long since established its eminent claim to the world's approval. What I decry is the brutal means which were sometimes used to effect the practical consummation of that prudent pact. England has since learned that, when she wants her subjects to bear her true allegiance, she must trust them, and treat with them. Every civilized country now acknowledges that Coercion is the worst sort of a mother-in-law.

Some few years after the rout at Culloden, Mr. Maxwell emerged from his concealment, and yielded to the inevitable. Not that he would betray the cause for which he had fought, but because a canny Scotsman knows intuitively when he is beaten. With his wife and family of three sons, and one daughter, Melinda, he located in the South, near the town of Ayre:—

“Auld Ayre, wham ne’er a town surpasses  
For honest men and bonnie lasses.”

This is Bobby Burns’ testimony, and there may be more truth than poetry in it. I fain would say here that Mr. Maxwell added immediately to the fair name of the town; but Truth, whose demands are severe, forbids at once the statement. He who had been, erstwhile, noted for his honor, energy, and ambition, was now apparently devoid of all aim, hope, and hustle.



Such fear and fury as he had been forced to suffer would scare the stamina out of any man. His three sons and himself were numbered, for the nonce, among the ne'er-do-weels of Ayre. The sudden rebound to freedom and personal security had landed them on their heads, and, in their stunned condition, they gave themselves too freely to the muses of "the mountain dew." And they were not without companions.

The ale-house was as bad a snake in the Highlands of Scotland as it is, and was, the world over. There were laws, excise laws, rigorous laws for the suppression of the trade and habit. There were earnest men and officers to enforce those laws, as many a skulking "moonshiner" found to his cost. Nevertheless, all such laws, like similar laws elsewhere, were, and are, pathetic in their failure.

Judging from results for a cycle of centuries, it does really seem that man-made law is a poor and futile instrument "to save the weak brother." Take, for instance, the unfortunate "dope" fiend. You can remove one poison from him by law, but he will readily get another, and perhaps a worse one; or he will find means to defeat the law. This has been the sad experience of mankind in all times and countries. It is not surprising that such discouraging experience should give rise to a hopeless school of philosophy which holds, "that the unfit shall eliminate themselves by means of their pleasant vices."

Christians prefer to believe that there is a living Redeemer for all men, whether the world calls them fit or unfit. But the disciples of the school alluded to,

who are mainly honest men, give me a chance of saying that the lesson from their own teaching is perfectly simple, and not a bit obscure. ONLY BY SELF-CONTROL CAN WE AND OUR RACE SURVIVE. "The weak brother" cannot get the grace of self-control from cold legislative enactments, passed by men who are possibly worse and weaker than himself. He must look higher for the great gift. So must philosophers, scientists, men of letters, all men. Human law, of itself, has no more saving force, or moral efficacy, than a dead minstrel's ballad. It is the power behind that law which men must fear and respect. That power is God—whose law breathes the promise of Eternal Life.

Mrs. Maxwell and Melinda did not lean on perforated statutes for the uplifting and reforming of husband and sons. They appealed directly to the master Lawmaker—they prayed and pleaded, and pointed to the wounds in the heart of their Saviour. Yet, for long and weary months no change was apparent. The mills of God grind slowly, sometimes—but they grind. It will appear to some people that, in distressing worldly predicaments, a continued appeal for Divine help requires a faith impossible. Not so, to one who believes in God, for with God nothing is impossible. So felt Melinda and her mother in their sorest trials. Hence the steadfast cheer and confidence with which they worked and prayed for their "daily bread," and the reclaiming of their erring loved ones.

The mother was a woman of uncommon refinement for her time and place. Added to her general



mildness and mellowness of character was a deep religious sentiment. From this sentiment, indeed, both she and Melinda derived their sunshine of life. They found a joy in doing their duty, and thus, in her days of darkest indigence, the old lady, trained for "but and ben," would sit at the "wee and the muckle wheel," singing "Tarry woo."

Melinda was, in many ways, a prodigy. She had the hue of robust health, with arms and limbs of the true Tuscan order. She was wise beyond her years, and dutiful to the last fibre. Though not exceptionally pretty, her appearance and disposition were alike attractive. Her wealth of auburn hair fell in waving ringlets over her shoulders. She had a face that beamed with virtue, and

"Eyes so pure that, from their ray,  
Dark vice would turn abash'd away."

At this time mother and daughter were bitterly neglected, and frequently in want. They had to work early and late to keep body and soul together, and still they seemed content. Their home was a model of cheerfulness. Melinda was obliged betimes to take in sewing and such work as she could procure in the neighborhood, or, haply, go out to service for short periods, to keep the wolf from the door. Still she feared not, nor did she aught abate in her prayers and persuasions. Ever and anon, she had to go for miles across the snow, in a storm, with her own modest earnings, to buy a little bag of meal when the larder was empty. On her return, she would greet her recreant father and brothers with an affection as strong,

a smile as winning, and a word as sweet, as if she had nothing to complain of. Her strength and sweetness were as impervious to adversity as a marble statue is to love. Nothing could shake her trust in Divine Providence. Much as she had to grieve for, she had sense enough to recognize that she had still more to be thankful for.

Perseverance gains its meed. A change, a glorious change, came over the house of Maxwell. Father and sons together saw the error of their ways, and became at once the lawful bread winners, and the natural protectors, of the family. From this forth the sun rose on a new condition of things in this home. The men became attached to home and duty; the women basked in love and comfort; the neighbours came to offer their generous recognition. All hands were happy. The risen quartette were everywhere received with glad, fraternal, greetings; their past peccadilloes were buried and forgotten quite. There is something not unkind in this contradictory world, after all. Though it kick at times like a rusty musket, and we kick back like Colorado mules, yet, it is always ready to extend the olive branch when we meet it again on fair terms. Venerable old pile! Peace be ever with thee.

Was it the irony of fate which brought, within a twelvemonth, to the quondam cateran, Alexander Douglas Maxwell, an unsolicited Commission in the King's Army? Whatever the cause, the fact was even so. He received his call unexpectedly from proper authority, and entered at once upon his new found duties. Nature, and the necessities of his past life,

had made Mr. Maxwell a singularly brave man. There were but few in the kingdom who could wield the claymore with more skill and damaging effect. They knew every hiding place in the Highlands, and could scale the peaks and crags with the dexterity of a Chamois. Best of all, he was an educated master of strategy. John Bull is no slouch. He knows a good thing when he sees it. Mr. Maxwell's known equipments raised him speedily to the rank of Major—by which title he was known ever after. His sons, too, who were becoming noted for clean and clever conduct, were picked out for lucrative positions in various places. The wife and daughter were removed further north to one of the old ancestral castles, and, altogether, the Maxwell family launched out auspiciously upon a sea of honor and independence. 'Tis thus the mystic wheel goes round.

The altered circumstances of the family did not change Melinda one dot, except for the added happiness she felt in the restoration of her father and brothers to respectability and usefulness. Not for her the "swelled head" which usually comes with sudden prosperity. She continued to be the same plain, pious, practical Melinda; never losing the thread of duty in any tangled skein of social life. Now, as always, she exemplified in her deeds that woman's sovereign sphere is her own home. But, at the call of charity, her sacrificial hand reached out unto "the everlasting hills." If a neighbour was ill, she was quick to proffer her gratuitous ministrations; if any one was in want, she was there with relief; if any were in sorrow or



trouble, she hastened to give all the ease and comfort she could impart. As was natural, she had suitors to burn, and of divers ranks. Some of these gallant Lothairs broke the subject to her father, Major Maxwell, whose only answer was that Melinda's daughterly service and obedience were his, but that her heart was her own; adding, in lieu of a postscript, that "he who wins her must woo Heaven."

There was still some rumblings of revolt in certain sections of the disaffected territory, and the troops were not infrequently ordered out upon their mission of vengeance. Major Maxwell was now a soldier of England, fighting his former friends and countrymen. To him the situation was perplexing and bizarre, and we may be sure he felt the keen edge of its novelty. We are not to think that Mr. Maxwell wantonly forsook the cause of the Stuarts. Necessity knows no law. He changed lists, firstly, because he knew intuitively that he was beaten; and, secondly, because he believed that in the forces of King George he could do more to secure amnesty and fair treatment for his defeated compatriots. On both sides he was honest, fearless and true.

In all these desultory skirmishes many were killed and wounded on both sides. Here Melinda saw a new field for her benevolent work—another outlet for her surging charitable instincts. She asked and received permission to go and nurse the wounded and the dying in field and hospital. Very soon she became one of the most trusted and efficient nurses in the service. Her zeal, her solid sense, and her admir-

able conduct had large influence with the leading officers, and many a captured Jacobite owes his life and liberation to her gracious intervention. One woman can do more to keep (or break) the peace of the world than a dozen Dreadnoughts. This is an ancient truism. In the olden days of chivalry the young squires met in the Theatre de la Chevalerie and, "before the peacock and the ladies," took their oath that they would keep one eye bandaged until they had accomplished some daring deed of arms. The lady-love supplied the bandage, and removed it when the brave act was performed. Perhaps this system would not work today. There is, for instance, the question of costs. The upkeep of "the queen-ladies and the gay birds of gaudy hues" might require more of "the root of all evil" than would the maintenance of a navy. Please, look it up.

One certain morning, when no trouble was apprehended, and the soldiers were out in bunches, smoking and telling stories, two scouts were seen returning with a prisoner. They reported that their man was caught in red-handed treason; they found him themselves, they said, inciting the rebels and conspiring with them against the peace of the King, his crown and dignity. The prisoner, whose name was John McKenzie, calmly but firmly protested his innocence. He explained that the exigencies of his calling—he was a wraver—required him to travel from place to place; that he was a stranger in these parts; that, having met some men in yonder hills, he stopped to ask them the shortest way to his destination; that he conspired with nobody; that he was nobody's enemy, and that all he

asked of earth was the privilege of working hard for an honest, humble living. All in vain. A hurried council of war decreed that the man be shot on the spot. When this fiat went forth an audible murmur of dissent was heard from the ranks. The most distinct voice in expression of disapproval was Major Maxwell's. Probably for this very reason the task of giving effect to the decree immediately was assigned to that particular officer. He never faltered in face of foe or duty; but there was a creeping sensation in his flesh when he was commanded to shoot John McKenzie. He believed the man was innocent, and was telling the truth. But in war orders are orders—there can be no shirking, no questions asked. The Major raised his rifle; McKenzie bit the dust.

Melinda was present and saw, with sickening horror, the whole of the tragedy just described. Nothing before ever gave such an inexpressible shock to her just and gentle heart. She saw a man condemned to death without a word of evidence to indicate his guilt; she saw his reasonable, and as she believed, his utterly truthful statement, rejected with ostentatious tyranny; she saw his last, sad, appeal for the consolation of a spiritual adviser, after he was sentenced, scornfully refused—with a smile sinister. She did not know what to say or do. She could not even think coherently. Was her own father a murderer? Was she herself the uncouscious agent and servant of cold-blooded assassins? Oh, to think of it! Would this peaceful looking victim, now laid low and speechless, rise to be her and her father's Nemesis for all the years to come? God alone knew.



Official instructions were given for the immediate interment of John McKenzie. The Doctor came to give the necessary certificate of death preparatory to the burial. He first unloosened the man's clothes, and extracted from the pockets whatever they contained. There was a home-made sporran, well filled with gold, a pocket Bible, a handkerchief, a jack-knife and some other trinkets. The wound and body were then carefully examined. The Doctor seemed puzzled. He would examine, walk away, return, and examine again. Something seemed to be eluding his grasp. The bystanders believed that he had recognized the body as that of a personal friend. However that may be, this is what he said to the Commanding Officer:—

"If you'll permit me to make a suggestion, I think it would be well to delay the burial of this man a little."

"No; our rule is to bury them immediately."

"If there was good reason for a short postponement, would you not postpone?"

"We recognize no ordinary reasons; that would break our rules."

"But if I gave a reason which would appeal to yourself as necessary for delay, could you not consider it?"

"Necessary!—In that case I should be bound to consider it."

"Well, I submit to you that such is this case."

"Pray, name your reason?"

"THIS MAN IS NOT DEAD ENOUGH."

Melinda gasped concernedly.

The order for burial was countermanded, and John McKenzie, in an unconscious condition, was sent to a hospital, with Melinda for his nurse. The bullet had entered the shoulder under the collar bone, ploughing a rugged furrow not easily traced or treated, but after several attempts the lead was found and dislodged. The patient had lost the most of his blood, and the doctors pronounced the case distinctly doubtful. Melinda alone was sanguine. "Hope springs eternal in the youthful breast." In the evening of the first day she noticed the lips of the patient moving feebly. This was the first sign of returning life. Bending down, she found that he was breathing some words of prayer—imploing as she understood him, God's mercy on all sinners. She got him to swallow a mouthful of drink, after which he relapsed again into insensibility. The next morning he opened his eyes and beckoned for a drink, which Melinda had right ready for him. "Oh, how good you are!" was all he managed to articulate. For two days his life hung upon a silken thread. On the third day consciousness returned, and the Doctors expressed a hope of recovery. This made Melinda more eager and attentive than ever. The following day he was able to ask the nurse what she was doing there, and how he had come to be there. After this, recovery, though slow, was easily perceptible, and, thanks to Melinda's continuous vigilance, was never once interrupted.

As John McKenzie was growing gradually stronger, he and Melinda had many a lengthened talk on the deplorable state of their fatherland. They were both spiritually minded, and mutually felt that they could

trust each other. He gave her all the history of his past life, his present circumstances, and his plans for the future. She, on her part, confided to him, with equal candor, all her hopes, and fears, and wishes. In six weeks time both left the hospital, she going home to her people; he to his former pursuits.

Melinda now went home to be the welcome sunshine she had always been there. Her mother was fallen into poor health, and the daughters nursing experience stood her in good stead. The social condition of the realm having become less turbulent, the Major was, also, permitted to return home. Thus father and daughter were happily free to give their time and affectionate aid to the fast declining wife and mother. But in spite of all that care, comfort, and medical skill could do for her, Mrs. Maxwell passed away in a few weeks amid a "people's lamentation." After this event Melinda seemed a different being. She appeared to have lost all interest in the things of this life, or rather to have subordinated that interest methodically to the higher claims of eternity. In the darkness of her loneliness, however, her true and tender heart still throbbed passionately for her friends and her country. She received but few visitors, and went out not at all; but she filled her place well and worthily, as her father's housekeeper and companion—in mourning.

Their home affliction made the Major and his daughter more anxious than ever for the pacification of their distracted country; and they believed effective means therefore could now be found within the domain



of statesmanship. They could not understand the civilization which would "kill a man to cure his corns." They remembered that the daughters in a Greek story threw their own darling papa into a pot of boiling water to cure his rheumatism. Of course the dear little daughters suffered and sorrowed for their foolish act afterwards, but their repentance came too late. It would be thus with England if this butchery should continue in Scotland.

Two officers of the garrison—Captain William Brownell and Sergeant Allan Ramsay were in the habit of calling at Maxwell castle, and had long been friends with the Major and Melinda. They were both soldierly and stately looking young men, but they came so often to the castle on affairs of State, it was possibly the "state of matrimony" they had up their sleeves. Very gallant and gentlemanly was the deportment of both, but it was easy to see that their dispositions were as far apart as the poles. Sergeant Ramsay was a humane looking person, with large, soft and kindly eyes, and a frank, deliberate mode of expression. One could see that he would naturally temper justice with mercy. Captain Brownell had an eye that was hard and stern, with a heavy jowl that denoted crass determination. In this campaign he was really out for blood. No treaty, no compromise, no negotiations for peace could find a place on his programme. With him it was the motto of an older, swaggering, bully—*delenda est Carthage*.

If Major Maxwell undertook to discuss terms of peace with these officers, even incidentally and unof-

cially, his action might be construed to his serious personal disadvantage. He, therefore, entrusted the delicate task to Melinda, as hostess. And this is how she hit it, the next time the valiant Officers became her guests:

“Do you not think, gentlemen, that it is time this  
“cruel strife was ended? I cannot conceal from you  
“the fact that the subject gives me much concern.  
“Can not the genius of Englishman suggest better  
“peacemakers than lead and steel? There cannot be  
“peace, progress or happiness, either in England or  
“Scotland, so long as these defeated Scots are chased  
“and shot like wild animals. If we would have them  
“good and loyal subjects, methinks, different tactics  
“must be used. If you want to get from any people  
“the best that is in them, you must trust them. You  
“must allow them to share the responsibility, as well  
“as the protection, of citizenship. Vouchsafe to these  
“people their independence of thought and spirit, grant  
“them a general pardon, give them the power of the  
“electoral franchise, and extend to them the various  
“privileges and opportunities which are open to other  
“citizens, and the difficulty of governing them will  
“instantly disappear. Assuming, for the sake of  
“argument, that Prince Charlie’s claims were invalid,  
“it is surely fair and chivalrous to allow that he and  
“his followers believed them to be valid. Now, that  
“the claimant is out of the way, why should his ad-  
“herents be put to the sword for having maintained an  
“honest opinion? Free people must have different  
“opinions. It should not be forgotten that our people

“here have made history under a long line of Kings of their own. Nor was their valor ever shamed. Scottish patriotism has been too long in evidence to be doubted or despised. It staggered the hosts of Julius Cassar, immortalized ‘the wight’ Wallace, thrilled the centuries in song and story, and soaked into the norm of the nations on the day of Bannockburn. Such national and ethereal emprise cannot be taken by storm. If we would win it, we must ‘deserve it.’”

The two Officers listened absorbingly to this brave deliverance. It was Sergeant Ramsay who first replied. He was moved to his depths, and all talking, when he made this remark:—

“Miss Maxwell, speaking for myself personally, I pray your permission to say that I agree entirely with ‘every word you have spoken.’”

Captain Brownell would have given his own head, if he owned it, for the supremely satisfying look which Melinda gave to Ramsay. Not a word did he utter to his milder brother Officer, but he covered him with an eye-thrust which would do credit to a Viking. The fact is, Captain Brownell was mad—cut to the quick. He hated Scotland, with an abiding hate; he hated the Highlanders; he hated the rebuffs which the soldiery received and deserved in some of their sorties; he hated the sentiments addressed to him by Melinda though he would give worlds to conceal that hate in her presence; he hated the bland, acquiescent, reply of the Sergeant; and he hated above all, and with greater intensity the favoring glance which Melinda Maxwell had be-



stowed on Allan Ramsay. But his fair hostess had made a fair and forcible appeal to him, and he must needs reply. In the riot of his mixed and malicious emotions, this is how he rolled over himself:

“Weally, Miss Moxwell, it is aw-awful nice of ‘you to think so well of these people. But H-ingland ‘must rule; and Scotland must H-obey. Ge-awge ‘must lick the Dwagon, dont cher know! These ‘people are-aw-quaizy. We are the wictaws; they ‘are the wanquished, and they have the face to fight ‘us still. We should dearly like, Miss Moxwell, to ‘do something for them, but, weally, they have not ‘the capawcitty to take care of themselves. Until they ‘are well disciplined and-aw-have put away their pina-foase, it would be too much to ask us, Miss Moxwell, ‘to look upon them as brothers or He-quals. We ‘cawnt, you know.”

When the Captain’s speech was ended the silence in that room was oppressive; but there was, at least, one person present who was thinking vociferously. Shortly afterwards the Officers took their departure, leaving Melinda alone to nurse her own thoughts.

On the way home Captain Brownell proposed that they call at “aunt Mawgwets” to get the news. Aunt Margaret kept a hostile, by the roadside, at which the solders and officers often slaked their thirst for righteousness. Margaret was herself a staunch Jacobite, but as the English redcoats brought her good custom, she was fain to keep her patriotism in her pocket. There was a group of soldiers playing cards at a table. The two Officers seated themselves at another table.

Captain Brownell called for a flagon of doubleale—a kind of beverage for which Margaret was celebrated. The jokes popped on all sides, and the roar and fun grew fast and furious. Even the Officers sat longer, and drank deeper, than His Majesty's Regulations required. It would be vulgar to say that they were drunk; but the rules of Parliament will permit me to say that there was not a gentleman in the whole outfit who was quite as straight as The Ten Commandments. They got up from their seats in various ways, and proceeded homeward in more various ways still.

When they were just leaving the hostle Captain Brownell was heard to remark:—

“Say, Sawjent, wern't you moathing a mite too smawt to Miss Moxwell”?

“I spoke to Miss Maxwell precisely as I felt, and I have a hunch that I felt just right.”

“If you mean that, you are-aw-not true to your colows.”

“So long as I continue to wear the King's uniform, no one shall suspect me of disloyalty.”

The voices were getting louder, and thicker, and more mixed, as the sovereign conservators of peace, order, and good government, receded in the distance.

Next morning there was a tale to tell at the garrison. Men were seen in knots scurrying about, talking, threatening and gyrating, in peculiar excitement. All the officers out on parole were hurriedly called in. At 12 o'clock a messenger arrived at the Maxwell castle with a letter for the Major, who was sitting in his

library with his daughter. The Major knew there was something doing, if the message was as urgent as its bearer looked. He took and read the paper, turning deadly pale as he gazed at the contents. Then calling for his best horse, he and his fleetest charger went flying through the air towards the garrison.

Melinda was dumbfounded. She noted that her father had left the letter open on his desk. Did it reveal the mystery. She took it up and read as follows:—

“Dear Major Maxwell:—

Your presence is immediately required at the garrison. Our gallant friend, Sergeant Ramsay, was found murdered this morning under the walls of the Officer’s quarters, with a bullet mark behind his ear, and several sabre cuts and wounds on his face and body. Treachery hinted. Investigation at once.

Roland Howard, Commander.”

Great God! What can this mean? My cheerful friend and visitor of yesterday! “No marvel that the lady wept.” Was this country cursed? Oh, for a land of peace!

“A stranger at the gate! M’ Leddy.” This was the sudden announcement made to Melinda by her servant.

“Who is it Susan?”

“Don’t know M’ Leddy; some blue-bonnet on horseback.”

Just then the door bell rang, and Susan was dispatched to answer the summons.

“Is Miss Maxwell within?” inquired the stranger.



"She is, sir; but the rule here is for gentlemen to send in their cards."

"I have no card; but I have it in command from a dying man to deliver to Miss Maxwell, with my own hands, a certain package and message which I have with me. I gave my word of honor that I should fulfil that command. Will you ask Miss Maxwell if she will kindly permit me to discharge my obligation?"

Melinda heard the words and knew the voice, and when Susan came panting for her answer she was told to "show the gentleman in."

The stranger went in, delivered the package and message, and remained for an hour in earnest conversation with Melinda. Then, he quietly left the house and rode away.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon when the stranger left the Maxwell mansion. Half an hour afterwards Melinda gave instructions to the servants to have dinner ready at six, saying that she was, herself, going out for a walk. It was a long walk, for she never again darkened the doors of that house. The Major came home at five o'clock, but Melinda was not there. Dinner came on, and the shades of night were falling, but Melinda came not. Parties were organized to search, and did search, in all directions, but without avail. It was a day of horrors. Melinda's loss transcendantly overshadowed the tragedy of the garbison. Her removal under any circumstances, would have caused a painful pang in the community; but to have her swallowed up in this pall of mystery created a feeling much worse than painful—it was paralyzing,

unendurable. The whole region was wrapped in sadness disconsolate. The very hills and heights took on a face of grief. Even the sparkling mountain streams, to whose merry music Melinda had listened so oft and fondly, had now "a tear in their voice," as they babbled down the braes.

Long years after this, on a certain Christmas eve, in the quiet, pastoral, county of Inverness, Nova Scotia; a widowed father, surrounded by a large family, sat before a cheerful chimney fire. Some of the family were married and settled on farms of their own, but all gathered at the old homestead this evening for a happy reunion.

"Tell us a story, father; tell us something about your own young days and the country you came from?"

"Well, although I am old, and my voice is weak, since it is Christmas Eve, if you will promise to keep very quiet, I shall endeavor to give a part of my little story."

The promise to keep quiet was cheerfully given, whereupon the old gentleman related, to the great delight of his hearers, the following personal narrative:—

"As you know I was born in the Highlands of Scotland. There was nothing eventful in my early boyhood. I managed to put in a couple of years at school, and got fairly initiated into the mysteries of the three R's. In the Highlands schools were scarce then, and only the children of well-to-do parents, who could go to the town schools, had any chance of education at all. When I left school I worked for a year or so

around my father's farm, attending sheep chiefly. The land there was owned in large tracts by Chiefs and Landlords, and nearly all the men who tilled the ground were tenants. The rent was high and the soil poor, rendering a living by farming very precarious. The poor tenant who could not pay his rent sharp on time had to take the road, after all his movable property had been distrained and sacrificed. I saw landlords selling the last blanket of their tenants, and then turning them adrift with helpless families in mid-Winter.

"I came to the conclusion that the only way in which I could gain a safe livelihood was by learning some trade. Accordingly I became a weaver. Like all other craftsmen, weavers had to go hither and thither to look for work. In this way I travelled over the greater part of the Highlands. I was fairly satisfied with my venture as regards pecuniary results. The rate of pay was small, but the people were kind and hospitable, and I was able to save my money. Talk of stories! Those were the days of story-telling. The legendary lore of that country was remarkable. Of a long Winter evening the host would sit for hours by the ingle-side, entertaining the whole house with Sgeulaichan. Then, a piper and a dancing master would drop in, and the young folk would take a turn at dancing, or learning to dance. (Here the old gentlemen got upon the floor and gracefully tripped off several measures of the Brigish Dhu, Caber Feigh, and Lord McDonald's Reel, to the uproarious joy of the family.)



“But oh! the country was so full of disturbances. Religious bigotry ran into insane extremes. Honestly I do not wish to tell you much of this, lest I excite your evil passions against good people who are not of your creed. I saw some Christian clergymen compelled to hide in caves for days without a bite; I saw houses and barns fired, and families driven from their homes at the point of the bayonet, for daring to worship their God in their own way. I belonged then to the dominant religion of that country, but I saw such heart-rending illustrations of intolerance that I charge you now, my dear children—as you would wish to be Christians, as you would wish to see God—never to interfere unjustly with any person or persons holding a religion different from your own. What saves men is the use they make of their own religion—not the abuse they heap on the religion of others.

“The social and political conditions were similarly dislocated. The regal aspirations of Charlie Stuart were smothered in 1745, but their assertion revived the deadly animosity between the Scotch and English. After the disastrous day of Culloden, the latter took a violently aggressive stand in Scotland, making it unsafe for the most peaceable Gaels to be about their business.

“I was on the road one day to a remote section of the Highlands, where I had contracted for a lot of work. I did not feel sure of my way, having never been in that region before,—this was one of the “regions Caesar never knew.” Seeing a band of men on the brow of a mountain I went up to them for information

as to my proper route. As we talked I noticed in the distance what looked like two horsemen coming our way. The mountaineers disappeared like a stung rainbow. I do not know yet which way they went. Not understanding the significance of the incident, I proceeded along the open way. Presently, the horsemen (who were English scouts) were hard on my heels, and arrested me as a rebel and conspirator. They brought me forthwith to the garrison, where I was formally charged with aiding the King's enemies. Vainly did I tell them that my business was a lawful peaceable one; that I was on my way to work when taken; that I took no part in the recent uprising; and that I accosted the men on the mountain simply for information as to the way. The officers would not listen to me. I was condemned without any evidence, and sentenced to be shot, and was shot mortally, as everybody then thought."

"When the Doctor was called to give certificate of death before burial, he found that life was not quite extinct. I was sent to an hospital. The Doctors held out no hope for me; but through the mercy of God, and the ministrations of an "angel nurse," I was restored to health in six weeks. Nothing in my whole life impressed me as did the kindness and devotedness of that self denying nurse. I am sure she did not sleep more than an hour in twenty-four through those lingering six weeks. Every time I awoke parched with thirst, she was at my side with a drink for me. She stopped at no personal sacrifice to procure for me every possible aid and comfort. Her constant care, her cheerful and courageous companionship, actually stole

me back to life, Her wonderful trust in the Divine Healer gave me strength and confidence. And her kind considerateness! She would smooth my pillows, bathe my temples, read for me, cheer me up, and pray, and pray, for my recovery."

"Oh! Father, wasn't she lovely; why did you not bring her to America?"

"When I was discharged from the hospital she went home to her people, and I returned to my trade."

"For several years afterwards, I plied the shuttle in the Highlands without further molestation or personal inconvenience. But the state of things in the country was such that I bethought me of making my permanent home elsewhere. This idea was strengthened in me by a flood of emigration to America then flowing from the Western Highlands."

"Before deciding finally to quit my native hills, a desire possessed me to see some heights and places among the braes which I had never visited. Accordingly, I set out one day and, like the Irishman, "thruvelled far afore me" through rock-ribbed hills, and dales, and glens, and gorges, and all the tangle of the wild woods. I did some hard hoofing before that day, but this was easily my most romantic experience. I felt as if I had parted pungently with all the world of men. Tired and timorous, I stood bewildered, gazing at the uncouth character of my surroundings. Before me lay a yawning canyon, deep, dark, and desolate. A wierd impulse to explore it seized me. I went down. It was larger at the bottom than I had calculated. The side-hills, on either side of a gurgling



brook, were studded and set, here and there, with cliffs and masses of overhanging rocks. One of these frowning outworks attracted me specially; it looked like a house built with hands. I investigated, found a narrow entrance, and on my hands and knees crawled in. There, lying prone on the ground, was a man—the most ghastly and emaciated human being I ever set eye on. He was alive, but evidently ill and dying. I spoke to him; he looked at me. He motioned me to come nearer to him. I did so. He could talk a little in distressing whispers. In three or four instalments he was able to give me the following account of himself:—

“I was born in England of wealthy parents, and was the only son. My father owned a large estate and a title to which I was the direct legal heir. My mother was of Scottish origin—descended from the Macdougalls of Lorne. I was therefore a mixture of Celt and Saxon. When Prince Charlie struck for the throne I felt a partiality for his claim which I could not suppress. Needless to say, my father was a fighting Hanoverian. My mother, also, was becomingly loyal to king George, but cherished still a feeling for her kinsmen in the North. Blood is thicker than water. This encouraged me to air my views where it was not healthy to do so. My father sent for me one evening and, before several other noblemen, rated me on my reputed treachery to the Crown. I acknowledged the corn hotly, and was as hotly disowned and disinherited by my father. I inherited, without leave or license if not the fortune, at least, the renowned obstinacy of my sire. I therefore resolved, on the

instant, to go to Scotland and join the forces of Bonnie Prince Charlie. Culloden knocked us out, and I had to take to the mountains, with many a stalwart fugitive-brother. You know the struggles we have had to keep alive. What a life we had of it! Seeing the futility of further resistance, I managed to escape to England with a view of getting reconciled to my father. Unlike the father of the prodigal son, he positively refused to forgive or receive me, and I hied me back to the mountains. A price was put upon my head, and I had many a close call, but always eluded my pursuers. Thank God! my privations and sufferings are at an end."

"He stopped, exhausted, and I wiped the sweat of death from off his brow. Looking straight into my face, he then continued:—

"Your frank features tell me that I can trust you. In my days of stress and storm I was helped and saved by a precious lady friend, who imperilled her own life to save mine from the panthers of the garrison. At the time it would not suit me to offer, nor her to accept, any token of my indebtedness to her. But it was understood that if I should get free in future, she should receive and keep this diamond ring, and this high-priced brooch, in remembrance of my deliverance. The ring is my own; the brooch is the gift of my dear mother, who gave it to me when last I parted with her. It had been a prized heirloom in the original family of Lorne. I found that my gracious benefactress, though not bearing the name, was a lineal and worthy scion of the Macdougall house. A part from my sense of gratitude, she has the most legitimate right to this relic

of departed power. Wherefore, I charge you to deliver into her own hands the ring and brooch, with my dying benedictions. The lady is Melinda Maxwell, daughter of Major Maxwell."

"Here he fairly fainted away; but I stayed by and fanned him. Reviving somewhat, he raised his head with an effort, and weakly said;—Be sure!

"I knelt down beside him and promised, on the honor of a Scot, to execute his wishes, if possible; and while I was thus pledging to him the good faith of my nation—he died, with a smile on his lips. I could not carry him away from there, so I laid him out in the best position practicable, covered him with clothes, closed the entrance to his last habitation, and left him alone with his Maker.

"I now made up my mind that I had had enough of the Highlands. The following day I settled up all my affairs, secured the best horse available, rode to Maxwell castle, and delivered to Miss Maxwell, in person, the ring, the message, and "The Brooch of Lorne." I found Miss Maxwell in a fearful state of excitement. She told me she had been nearly frantic for months over the unhappy state of the country—over the untold enormities which were daily perpetrated. That very morning she had news of the murder of a particular friend of hers at the garrison, and believed he suffered death for speaking manfully and honestly in favor of Scotland. She offered up a fervent prayer to the God of her fathers, that He might guide her to some other country, where she could find peace, safety, rest of mind, and civil and religious freedom; and I very ardently joined in her petition.

"I then bade adieu for ever to the home of my early hopes and ancestors. When I was just departing that "angel nurse" made a vow to become—(here the narrator paused from evident stress of feeling.)

"Become what; become what," burst from all the family?

YOUR DEAR MOTHER!

"The man who wins her must woo Heaven." That was why Melinda Maxwell, the daughter of the Major—the worshipped heroine of a brave race—left her home, her friends, her castle and her country, to become the wife and share the fortunes of plain, honest, John McKenzie; that was why her marriage was a happy one; that was why she and her husband had peace, plenty, and length of days in the land of their adoption; that was why her children, and her children's children were a sustaining solace to her, and a credit to themselves and the country; that is why she—from her long forgotten grave—sounds a note of warning, not wholly unnecessary, to some of her more sordid and ambitious sisters of the Twentieth Century.

.





# THE COUNTY OF INVERNESS,

## CAPE BRETON.

---

The chief interest in Cape Breton's early history centred in the Eastern and Southeastern part of the Island. Louisburg, Sydney, and St. Peter's, and a few other places on that side, were then the inviting points of public attention. This was especially the case during the Colonial struggle between the French and the English. All through that stirring period there was not a civilized human being living on the shores of Inverness. This was, doubtless, due to the fact that there were no good harbors on the northwest coast of the Island.

The scene was changed. When the warring Powers saw (what they could have seen much earlier) that the effort to show their strength by spilling their own blood, was a foolish pastime, a permanent peace was concluded. But with that peace the power and prominence of Cape Breton suffered a rude shock. Louisburg, at one time the "Dunkirk of America," was razed to the ground, much after the manner of old Jerusalem. There was not a stone left upon another. St. Peter's faded, for a long time, into a meek little settlement which it would be extravagant to call a village, while Sydney had to wrestle, for nearly a century, to maintain the dignity of a lonely hamlet at the mouth of a beautiful harbor.

In the meantime the northwest side of the Island was being peopled. The howling forest was being removed; the fisheries were being prosecuted; and the fertile farms and meadows of Inverness County began to smile on the glistening Gulf of St. Lawrence.

The great majority of the settlers were sturdy Highlanders, whose circumstances in the parent land were rendered unbearable by the final collapse of the Stuart cause at Culloden. Two large districts in the Northern end of the Connty, called Margaree and Cheticamp, were taken up by dispersed Acadians, exclusively. The Scotch pursued the farming vocation; the French followed fishing. Thus did Gael and Gaul combine to blow the breath of life into the nostrils of Inverness County. But for many, many years this noble piece of country was the victim of a serious handicap. There were no harbors; no transportation facilities; no home markets; no means of communication with the world without. The position was one of "splendid isolation," the place—a chosen home of penitents.

The scene was changed. Early in the eighties the Government of Canada extended the Intercolonial Railway from Mulgrave to Sydney. This extension merely touched the outskirts of Inverness County, and the place was really rendered more excluded than ever. The whole stream of trade and travel now followed the railway to Sydney which, immediately, took on new life. A few years afterwards "the Whitney legislation" gave control of nearly all the then known coal areas in Cape Breton County to a powerful Syndicate headed by Henry M. Whitney, of Boston. This

mighty corporation forthwith commenced active and extensive operations.

The Dominion Iron and Steel Company and the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company quickly followed, and Sydney rose, phoenix-like, from the obscurity of a modest village to the proportions of a busy, lusty City. Other places in Cape Breton County underwent a similar metamorphosis. The boom in Sydney and eastern Cape Breton sounded through the continent, while the County of Inverness—the most important part of the Island—had not a single visitor, save an occasional wild goose whom woe and want had sent to look for gudgeons.

The scene was changed. In 1897, after a fruitless agitation for a quarter of a century on the part of our people for a railway, the firm of McKenzie & Mann, of Toronto, took up the project of building the Inverness Railway. In June, 1900, it was completed and opened for traffic between Point Tupper Junction, on the Strait of Canso, and Broad Cove (now Inverness), a distance of sixty miles. This road taps three important coal mines,—Port Hood, Mabou and Inverness Mines. The last named is operated by McKenzie & Mann themselves, and for the past year the output averaged 1000 tons a day. It is the intention to extend this Inverness Railway without unnecessary delay to Chelicamp. This is now more certain and urgent since McKenzie & Mann have acquired and tested most valuable coal areas at St. Rose, near the famous deposits of Chimney Corner.

A wonderful change has already taken place in Inverness. Markets have been created, employment for our people secured, and a spirit of hope hath gone



abroad. Already this County is distinctly the most important on the Island, and one of the leading counties in Nova Scotia in respect of its farm and sea products. Though its fields of coal are now known to be good and large, the greater part of its varied mineral wealth remains as yet, untold. Nothing but the lack of public spirit can prevent this County from becoming one of the most important constituencies in all Canada. We have not only the profuse resources of inanimate Nature, but we also have the brains and brawn. We have the men—sturdy, honest, hospitable, Christian men—the Alpha and Omega of human greatness.

It may be worthy of mention as a curious sociological fact, that many of the elderly people, to whom the old order of things had become a religion, were sincerely sorry to see it disappear. To them the termination of the old era feels like the passing of a Prophet, and the new state of affairs spell Ichabod. In a certain sense one cannot really wonder at this. The old regime, though dull and dormant in a sense, had its singular wealth of happy traditions, beautiful sentiment, and grand moral aspects. If you went in among those old people, in their hardships and isolation, you could not but feel that if happiness existed on earth, the heart that was humble could look for it there. Those people were not consumed with the commercial fever of today. They sat in calm contentment under their own fig tree. Poor old folk! they are passing away themselves; but their influence remains, and no man can take it from us. Such is the homage that the sordid world, even vice, pays to virtue that, when one of these old landmarks falls,

everybody—whether a farmer, fisherman, a miner, or a busy man of affairs—is solemnly moved to exclaim:

“Ah, broken is the golden bowl! the spirit flown forever!

Let the bell toll!—a saintly soul floats on the Stygian river.”

There is a feature of Inverness County which, for the reasons indicated, is not so well known as it should be, and that is, its admirable adaptability to the purpose of a Summer resort. Nowhere in the world can a busy man have a more healthful and refreshing rest. There is natural scenery here which cannot easily be surpassed. And this inherent charm is not confined to any one or two localities, but permeates the whole territory. What lends a special grip to this scenic attribute is its bold and vast variety. There are hills and glens, and mountains high. There are waving fields and blooming meadows. There are woods of divers hues and rich foliage. There are lakes, rivers and streams, teeming with game and food fish, such as trout and salmon. There are wildernesses where the moose and the caribou hold undisputed sway. And there is always the silvery sea, with its numerous beaches, bathing-grounds and boating facilities. The air is so pure and bracing that it seems to come from Paradise. And best of all, the kindness of the people here is simply proverbial. Of course if a large tide of tourists struck in immediately there would be, at first, a lack of suitable accommodation; but let the trade come and it will soon develop its own requirements. Our people, too, having always been a colony unto themselves, may not be au courant in the ways of “Sports.” But these homely traits—these glints of the grotesque—would merely add to the enjoyment of strangers.

## PORT HAWKESBURY.

Whether you come to Cape Breton by land or water you strike the County of Inverness at Hawkesbury, a clean and cute little town situated on the Strait of Canso, looking hard at Mulgrave and things in general. Hawkesbury, built upon a hill, is a really pretty place, has a capital harbor, and is a regular port of call for the steamers of the Plant Line. It is thus in touch with quite a volume of the tourist travel from the United States. It is also a rendezvous and base of supplies for the fishing fleet of the North Bay, and a favorite entrepot for the shipment of sea product by rail or steamer. A little to the east of this town is the junction with the Intercolonial, of the Inverness Railway, which will carry you through the County here described as far as the Town of Inverness, where Alick Gillis, Archie Campbell or Angus Ronald, will meet you with rigs and horses made to order.

## PORT HASTINGS.

This is a village three miles north of Hawkesbury on the Inverness Railway line. It is built under the lee of an amphitheatre of hills facing the Strait. It is called after a governor of Nova Scotia, whose name was Hastings Doyle. The people proposed first to call the place Port Doyle, but the Governor emphatically objected, saying that too many of the name of Doyle had been hanged. He suggested Hastings, and as the good, peaceable people of the villa had no particular appetite for the gallows, they forthwith accepted His Excellency's recommendation.

The Inverness Railway and Coal Company has its capacious shipping pier here, where the product of the Inverness mine is sent by steamers to the various

markets. There is a fine view of the Strait, the towering Cape Porcupine and adjacent heights from Hastings. As the land rises abruptly from the water's edge, the railroad is obliged to hug the shore for quite a distance. At this point the current of the Strait is exceedingly strong and swift, and it is an uncommon experience for one to find himself on a train bowling majestically along to the music of the swirling waters.

A little north of Hastings the roadbed runs quite a distance along the beach. At one place there is a long pond on the land side of the beach. Looking there through his car windows the traveller, seeing the Strait on one side and the pond on the other, is nearly as much perplexed as was Paddy when he did not know whether he was "an uncle or an aunt." The man in the car is not clear as to whether he is travelling on land or water. A few minutes, however, will bring him upon the bouldered fields of Creignish, where there is no room to doubt that he is, indeed on terra firma.

### CREIGNISH.

Like Caledonia of old, this settlement is essentially "stern and wild—meet nurse for a poetic child." Some of the most powerful men (physically) ever seen in Nova Scotia were raised in this district. The streets of Gloucester still re-echo the feats and fame of Big Duncan, Wild Archie, John the Weasel, and all the rest of them. Everybody in the district is of Scotch descent—"they are all John Tamson's bairns"—and all are engaged in farming and fishing. Going through Creignish one catches a splendid view of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Chedabucto Bay, Northumberland Strait, Prince Edward Island, and a large part of



the mainland of Nova Scotia. There are exceptional fishing grounds facing this whole settlement, while the rear is taken up by a ridge of frowning mountains, silent, bald and bare. It is said that the storms are sometimes so fierce on those mountains, that ordinary sized people are in danger of having their names blown off.

### JUDIQUE.

After emerging from the crags of Creignish, it is a relief to fall upon the palmy plains of Judique, level, rich, and picturesque. Here are fine farms stretching from the shore a mile inland with, here and there, a clear gurgling brook, singing its way to the sea. This is an ideal place for a Summer resort. All it wants is hotel accommodation, and that can easily be supplied when the need comes. No place can afford better opportunities for boating, bathing, fishing, fowling, gunning, driving—and fighting if you want it. The district is large, pretty, and productive. There are miles of beach laved by the crystal waters of the Gulf; there is a good substantial Government wharf; there are groves of spruce and guards of elm; there are lustrous everglades lying like mirrors on the ground, and on the hills beyond tall hardwood trees, with a wealth of foliage, are gathered in stately battalions. But the finest thing to be seen in the whole community is the genial man of giant stature and benevolent passions, the hospitable, whole-hearted Father Archie—the duplicate Doctor Norman of America. It is worth travelling a thousand miles to see him alone.

### PORT HOOD.

From Judique you come on the Inverness Railway to Port Hood, the Shiretown of Inverness County.

There is a good farming country around Port Hood, and it is the making of an important fishing station. If an enterprising company fitted out a fleet of schooners here a large trade in fresh fish could soon be created. As it is, the fish product of this place is a very considerable item.

There are two islands right opposite the town—the outer and the Inner Island. Years ago the Inner Island, at its northern extremity, connected with the mainland. The harbor is formed by the Inner Island, and the Dominion Government is now engaged in closing the northern entrance, with a view not only to make the harbor a better and safer place of anchorage, but, also, to make the port a prominent shipping point. There is a coal mine in full blast here. The company built a shipping pier right opposite the pit, and in the Summer months the output is quite respectable.

Port Hood is, also, a home-like, haven for the tourist who needs rest, fresh air, and a stiffening of the muscles. You will be well housed and cared for in the “Old Smith.” John D. will tell you everything about everything, and whatever he tells you, that you may believe implicitly, for he was never known to tell a lie.

### MABOU.

The next place on the line is Mabou. Agriculturally; this large and wealthy district was always a trump card in the County of Inverness. Under its lofty hills, and along its streams and rivers some of the finest farms in Cape Breton can be seen. The harbor runs into the land about four miles, and is spanned by

an iron bridge near the inland end. The view from this bridge and vicinity is superb. On the eastern side of the harbor at this point is nestled the classic little village apud pontem, and on a pleasing eminence to the north stand a beautiful Church and Convent, proclaiming to all men the clean heart and pure spirit which still survive among the scions of a noble race. This Parish has produced one Archbishop, one Bishop, twelve Priests, six Doctors and a Lawyer, besides a bountiful crop of Nuns.

Mabou has tremendous deposits of gypsum, besides its coal mines and other natural resources. It is a delightful place for summering, and one of the most consequential personages to locate there is the well known Jay Dee, the pleasant and portly Maitre d'Hotel.

### GLENDYER.

Leaving Mabou Bridge the railway makes a semi-circle around the head of the harbor, and then plunges headlong into that gorge of mysteries, the wonderful Glendyer. You do not see this gorge till you are up against it, and as you enter a creeping sensation comes over you that is good for your soul. You imagine you are just riding into the mouth of an alligator, without any definite convictions as to the outcome. When you proceed a little further a reassuring sense comes home to you,\* and, presto, you are wrapped in admiration of a singularly interesting valley about a mile and a half long. Near the northern end of the ravine the well known Glendyer Woolen Mills throw out their far-flung shadow. Nothing could be more unexpected than to see such an institution in such a place. The yearly production of the mills amounts to about \$20,-

ooo, and their goods are growing in favor throughout the Lower Provinces. Fast by the mills you are further surprised by falling upon a captivating orchard and flower garden, together with as cosy a looking home as can be seen in a month's travel. You will, also, be startled by a group of cottages wherein the operatives dwell in comfort; and through the trees on the east side you will catch broken glimpses of acres of apple blossoms and fruit trees, with two residences of remarkable taste and elegance. Altogether, this glen is a study, an inspiration, a poem—"drenched with the mystery, the ethereal beauty of a Summer night."

### STRATHLORNE.

From Glendyer the train rolls on through Smithville and Black River, two farming district of a high order. There is a way-station at Black River. In these two sections the soil, both upland and meadow, is of the best quality, and the scenery is one of masculine grandeur. Looking up from the level land and the river, you are met on the East by the well-wooded heights of Mount Young and the waters of Lake Ainslie, whilst the cloud capped hills of Cape Mabou are standing off to the West, like the grim warders of destiny.

Now you come to Strathlorne, an interesting station at the head of Lake Ainslie, a handsome sheet of water, twelve miles long and three miles wide, in the very centre of Inverness County. Both sides of the Lake are densely settled, and it is difficult to see a more attractive physical prospect than is here presented. A bath in this lake would wash away the sins of a Spring poet.

For some years past quite a business has been done at East Lake, mining and shipping Barytes, which is



conveyed by steamer to the Strathlorne station, and thence sent off to market. On both sides of the Lake there are clear indications of petroleum. Several companies have been prospecting there for many years. At present the veteran Mr. Harrington is boring on the east side, with high hopes of success. In the dark tied up conditions of the past, many of the loyal natives of the Lake, East and West, betook themselves to other lands. But if this kerosene oil be struck on either side of Ainslie, it will throw a lurid light on the cross-roads of the future. The pioneer settlers of East Lake were devoutly ambitious. You will go from Dan to Beersheba to find another rural district which turned out more excellent Presbyterian Ministers and professional men to the square mile.

To the west of this station, just behind yon hill, is Strathlorne proper, a lovely rural retreat. It is actually a vale of beauty, thickly settled, with a sparkling river dancing all through it. If you wish to shake off the dust of business troubles, or the qualms of conscience, come rest thee for the Summer in this elysium of the Highlands. You can have a minister, a doctor and a lawyer, to attend to your tribulations at all hours. I will guarantee also, that you will be well and satisfactorily treated, "but and ben," by mine amiable hostess of "The Willows." You can have the pleasantest and prettiest drives, and here and there, you will encounter a sylvan scene so strikingly exquisite as to make you positively wild at Eve and the apple. I know you will enjoy the place. It is the home of Peace, of Truth, of Virtue—and of Dan Campbell.

## INVERNESS.

The next station north of Strathlorne is the town of Inverness, at present the northern terminus of the Inverness Railway. Eight years ago there were but fifteen families in the whole territory now comprised within this town. Today, it has a population of over 3000, drawn from all clans and countries. There are Scotch, English, Irish, French, Germans, Belgians. Even Palestine contributes its copper colored quota. This sudden change and progress were brought about by the opening up and development of a good coal mines here. For steam and domestic purposes this coal has no superior in Canada.

There are three large hotels in this town, and a fourth one (three storeys) has just been completed. There will thus be plenty room here for quite a number of travellers and tourists. The town is built on the brow of a hill facing the sounding sea, and two miles of beach lie within ten minute's walk of any or either of the hotels. There are three spacious halls in the town. One of the finest Catholic Churches in Cape Breton was completed there last Winter, and a Presbyterian Church is to be erected next Summer. A creditable Presbyterian Church and Manse have been completed here since the first publication of this sketch. There are also excellent schools, and a branch of the Union Bank of Halifax. A skating rink has been erected, and the Dominion Government is just completing a substantial brick building for Post Office, and Custom House.

For eight years this young colliery pursued the even tenor of its way without a single hitch. The gods were markedly propitious. But in the Spring of

1909 a "strike" occurred among the miners which continued into the following Winter, causing large extra expenses to the Company, and much annoyance and uneasiness to the public, and to business. Every labor strike is but the remedy of the savage: it is not, under any circumstances, a civilized appeal for Justice. Why should not workingmen, like other christians, invoke the laws and public opinion of the land for the righting of their wrongs, when they have wrongs to complain of? When Paddy broke down in court and was told by the judge not to take on so, that, though a stranger, he could count on getting full justice here, he replied:— "Och, yer Honor, that's the very thing I'm afraid of"!

This strike at Inverness was particularly ill-advised. No arbitration or adjustment of differences was asked, no formal demands of redress were made, no specific grievances were laid before the management, before the strike was called. All the platitudes of shallow agitators from July to Eternity cannot blot out the fact. The wonder is that such a vicious labor-lunge should be made at a place like Inverness—that Old Broad Cove should suffer the humiliation of seeing a detachment of troops called out to preserve peace and order, and protect property, in a community where peace and honor abounded since the world was made. I must hasten to explain. A large section of the miners here are foreigners—the flotsam of congested centres of Europe. Another section consists of amateur miners who are not the most enlightened men in the world. The salaried agents of the U. M. W., so-called, found it a cinch to play on the restless spirit of the former, and the dead-easy credulity of the latter. This

U. M. W. is a labor organization having the large preponderance of its members and officers in the United States, and is controlled "bag and baggage" by the rival interests of a foreign flag. There should be a positive statute or an international agreement to prevent such a Union doing mischief in Canada. All the same, the lesson of last year's strikes in the various collieries of Nova Scotia should not be lost on the companies concerned. They must be careful not to provoke a rupture with their employees in future. The fact that the "strikers" were not justified does not prove that all the men were properly treated. I believe the executive officers of all corporations would like to see all their men treated fairly and respectfully. Trouble often arises from the ill-manners of subordinate officials. There should be a perpetual rod in pickle for the bumptious underlings. Labor and capital, and companies, and combines, must remember that there is in this country a stronger and higher power than either or all of them. That power is the Invincible Public; with its inviolable charters, its laws, its claims, its conscience, and its right to live.

### ST. ROSE.

Fully one half of the County of Inverness lies north of the Town of Inverness, and I may whisper, in brackets, that this is the "better half." Along the Southwest and Northeast branches of the Margaree River, and at the Forks, there are superior farming sections, by all odds the best in Cape Breton. There are more good beef cattle raised in these districts than in all the rest of the County. And more than half the harvest of the sea (on this coast) is gathered north of Margaree Harbor.



Starting north from Inverness town, you drive through Broad Cove, one of the oldest settlements on these shores. The scenery is robust and varied, and the roads are as bad as any pedestrian criminal could wish them. The district of Broad Cove is, for the most part, dry and hilly, richly wooded in places, and has some fine fishing advantages. But the big asset of Broad Cove is its people—strong, honest, healthy people, who can look the world straight in the eye sans peur et sans reproche.

After passing Broad Cove Chapel, Broad Cove Marsh and Dunvegan, you arrive at St. Rose, which bids fair to become the scene of enormous developments in a short time. St. Rose is naturally pretty. The sea washes the feet of the farms, and the lay of the land is just as a painter would like it. Immense deposits of coal have been found here not many years since. The Chimney Corner coal mine is only three miles further north; but there is much more coal and room for growth at St. Rose. An English Company has been organized for the purpose of opening this mine and building a railroad to the Intercolonial at Orangedale—via South West Margaree and East Lake—with the intention of making Carribou Cove on the Strait of Canso its shipping port. But the most valuable of the coal areas of St. Rose are owned by MacKenzie & Mann who, it is expected, will extend their Inverness Railway that far, or further, in the very near future. St. Rose will rise; that is certain. Nature does nothing in vain, and she has done marvels for St. Rose.

### MARGAREE HARBOR.

The next place you reach, after passing Chimney Corner and Whale Cove, is Margaree Harbor, a quaint

and quiet little village that is just waiting to welcome you. The harbor is neither large nor very good, but is quite serviceable for the traders and fishermen. Quite a number of coasting vessels are owned here, affording the place its best convenience for carrying commodities to and fro. There is also a tri-weekly steamer in the Summer plying between Pictou and Margaree and Cheticamp, calling at intermediate ports.

The harbor here is a comely little haven, running far into the land, and bridged half a mile from the entrance. The foreshore is a glaring sandy beach. There are two hotels, either of which will make you feel good. The roads are hard and level, and there are beautiful drives in all directions. There are also the best chances for bathing and boating; or if you are in quest of absolute rest, the lullaby sound of the sad sea waves will mesmerize you into a sleep from which you'll never wish to wake.

North of the harbor is Belle Cote, a thriving Acadian colony. Every householder has a long, narrow, strip of well cultivated land, a boat, nets and fishing tackle. The houses and barns are not large, but are all neat, tidy, and strong, with doors and corners painted red. The women do a large part of the farm work, while the men devote themselves to the fisheries and other marine pursuits. No men or race could excel these plain, simple, folk in the qualities of honorable energy and industry. Many men would starve where they make a good living. Poor, patriotic Acadians! their way has been strewn with brambles in Nova Scotia. But it is just these thorns of life which, in all times and places, bring out in bold relief the survival of the fittest.

## CHETICAMP.

A drive of fifteen miles on a good level road will bring you from Margaree Harbor to Eastern Harbor, Cheticamp. At present this is the best and most commodious harbor on the coast. It has a perfectly good anchorage and several wharves. On the way from Margaree you pass through Belle Cote, Friar's Head, Grand Etang and a large portion of the district of Cheticamp itself. As are the people of Belle Cote, so are all the people of those other French districts in their circumstances, manners, habits and callings. Cheticamp is facile princeps the best longshore fishing station on the Northwest coast of Cape Breton Island. It is also noted for sheep-raising, and produces large quantities of potatoes and oats. There is good evidence also that this district is rich in minerals—copper, gold and galena.

Eastern Harbor has a fascinating scenery. A magnificent stone Church and spacious Convent look down upon the harbor, and there are good school buildings, many business houses, and two comfortable hotels.

Depend upon it. Cheticamp will be heard from ere the lapse of many moons.

## MARGAREE FORKS.

Eight miles up the river from Margaree you come to "The Forks," so called because the South West and North East branches of the Margaree River meet here. For high qualities of soil and sheer scenic impressiveness I would match "the forks" against any country spot in Canada. There are miles of rolling meadows; there are laughing fields of upland, there are loaded gardens and mellow orchards; there are noble woods of divers colors; and there is the lordly sweep of the two

mighty rivers as they approach and embrace each other on their way to eternity. The farmers here are all well to do.

Trout, alewives and salmon come up this river in the Spring in large quantities. The weight of the Spring salmon goes up the North East branch, the water being cooler. The alewives follow the South West on their way to Lake Ainslie. The trout generously patronizes both branches of the river. In the Autumn again the salmon comes up to spawn, and this time selects the South West river, where numerous torch lights and other nocturnal demonstrations are given in its honor.

There are noted salmon pools right around the Forks, and you could not go with rod and reel into more agreeable quarters. A hotel is kept here by Dougald Campbell, a princely host in himself. It is for the accommodation of strangers that he has opened his house to the public at all. He is a wealthy farmer who has no need of keeping boarders. Both himself and his worthy wife are prodigies of hospitality. Dougald is so thoroughly familiar with the salmon pools and habits that he can give you, every day, the name, occupation and address, of every fish in the river. If you stay at his place you are likely to land some salmon, and you'll be used just right. If you are morose and dyspeptic he'll cure you; if you don't eat plenty he'll kill you. Though of purely Scotch descent, Dougald has a knowledge of several languages. He prays in Gaelic; sings in French; and swears in vigorous Anglo-Saxon.

### **NORTH EAST MARGAREE.**

This district easily affords the grandest and most diversified scenery in this country. A wondrous valley



is this North East Margaree. . It extends from "The Forks" to Harvard Lakes (formerly Lake o' Law), well nigh twenty miles. The mountains rise on either side to a high elevation; the river thunders through the valley, and the well kept farms are the very eidolon of taste and home comfort. A pleasing peculiarity of the farm houses here is, that they are not only large and comfortable, as a rule, but many of them are complete triumphs of architecture. Thus is art to nature wedded.

In the Summer months the salmon and trout fishing is just as good here as around "The Forks." The glories of the scenery are sustained all through the settlement, and so wondrously variegated as to form an actual rainbow of pleasures.

There are two exceptionally comfortable hotels here, one kept by a Mrs. Ross, the other by a Mr. Ross. There are also many residents whose dwellings are fit for the King, and who would be glad to keep respectable strangers on a holiday. There are good stores and churches, a carriage maker, a harness maker, a livery stable, a blacksmith, a clergyman, two doctors, and a large salmon hatchery. On the top of the mountains to the north there are unexplored forests, where the bear, the moose and the caribou are still the monarchs of all they survey. Along the mere fringes of this wilderness the gay disciples of Nimrod occasionally bring down some royal game.

Where the scenery and means of enjoyment are all so satisfying, it is difficult to differentiate. But I think the most sublime, the most unique and romantic panorama strikes you at Big Intervale, near the upper end of the district. Here you will be made happy at

the winsome home of Malcolm McLeod, Esquire, locally known as "Red Malcolm." The mountains here achieve a height of eleven hundred feet, and the plain below is a veritable garden. Directly in front of the mountain on the east, like a monster bay window, the champion "Sugar Loaf" rises in its majesty. You imagine you are confined under lock and key. In the distance you can see a faint suggestion of the opening through which you entered, like a rift in the delicate sky of morning. And all around is loveliness. The thing is unpaintable in words. All you can say is, that it is the drawing of a Supreme Master. You cannot read it; you cannot describe it; you cannot understand it; except on the one theory that "God has been here."







